



## THE MAID OF

# BONCLODY

Were you ever at the moss house where the  
birds do increase

At the foot of mount Leinster or some silent  
place

Near the town of Bonclody where all plea-  
sures do meet

And all I request is our kiss from you sweet

If I was in Bonclody I would think myself at  
home

It's there I woud have sweet-hearts but here  
I have none

Drinking strong liquor in the bright of my  
cheer

Here's a health to Bonclody & the maid I love  
dear

The cuckoo is a pretty bird it sings as it flies  
It brings us good judge & tells us no lies,  
It sucks the young birds eggs to make its voice  
clear

And it never cries cuckoo till the summer day  
near

If I was a cleark & could write a small hand  
I would write to my true love that she might  
understand

I am a young fellow who is wounded in love  
I once lived in Bonclody but now I must rove

If I was a lark & had wings I then could fly,  
I would go to your harbour where my love she  
does lie

I'd prowl to your harbour where my true love  
does lie

And on her fond bosom contented I would lie

The reason my love slight me as you may un-  
derstand

She has got a ferbold & I have no land  
she has a great store of riches & a large sum of  
gold

And every thing fitting a house to uphold

So fare you well father & likewise mother  
So good be sister as I have no brother  
I am bound for Armagh a my fortune to try  
When I think on Bonclody & most say goodbye